

KATHARINE M. RIEGELHUTH: MEMORIES OF A PIONEER OF EUREKA AND RENO, NEVADA

Interviewee: Katharine M. Riegelhuth

Interviewed: 1966

Published: 1967

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #017

Description

Katharine Riegelhuth was born in Germany in 1876. She was taken to the United States when still an infant by her mother, arriving in Eureka, Nevada, during its boom days. There, she grew to young womanhood, attended school, and observed the life of the town. Frank Riegelhuth, her father, was a leader in the cultural life of Eureka, where he organized the Eureka Star Band, gave music lessons, and conducted a dancing school. His wife, Katharina, began to help with the care of the sick in the village. With the decline of Eureka, the Riegelhuth family moved to Reno. Frank Riegelhuth died soon after, however, and his widow and child found new ways of earning a livelihood.

Katharina Riegelhuth, who had willingly helped in caring for afflicted people in Eureka, became a professional nurse. In this capacity, she opened and operated the first maternity home in Reno, and became almost an institution in the community.

Meanwhile, Katharine Riegelhuth entered the University of Nevada and prepared to become a teacher. After this training she became an instructor at the university, where she served for many years. She was not only a respected teacher, but also an active participant in faculty affairs.

The memoir includes accounts and anecdotes of life in Eureka, Nevada; activities in Reno, Nevada, from the 1890s; work at the University of Nevada from 1905; a reminiscence about her mother, and a brief conclusion.

**KATHARINE M. RIEGELHUTH:
MEMORIES OF A PIONEER
OF EUREKA AND RENO, NEVADA**

**KATHARINE M. RIEGELHUTH:
MEMORIES OF A PIONEER
OF EUREKA AND RENO, NEVADA**

An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

Copyright 1967
University of Nevada Oral History Program
Mail Stop 0324
Reno, Nevada 89557
unohp@unr.edu
<http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory>

All rights reserved. Published 1967
Printed in the United States of America

Publication Staff:
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program Use Policy

All UNOHP interviews are copyrighted materials. They may be downloaded and/or printed for personal reference and educational use, but not republished or sold. Under “fair use” standards, excerpts of up to 1000 words may be quoted for publication without UNOHP permission as long as the use is non-commercial and materials are properly cited. The citation should include the title of the work, the name of the person or people interviewed, the date of publication or production, and the fact that the work was published or produced by the University of Nevada Oral History Program (and collaborating institutions, when applicable). Requests for permission to quote for other publication, or to use any photos found within the transcripts, should be addressed to the UNOHP, Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, Reno, NV 89557-0324. Original recordings of most UNOHP interviews are available for research purposes upon request.

CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Introduction	xi
1. Early Days in Eureka	1
2. Reno in the 1890s	11
3. The University of Nevada	17
4. Katharina Riegelhuth	23
5. Conclusion	27
Original Index: For Reference Only	29

PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Katharine Riegelhuth was born in Germany in 1876. She was taken to the United States when still an infant by her mother, arriving in Eureka, Nevada, in the boom days of that mining camp. There, she grew to young womanhood, attended school, and observed the life of the town. Frank Riegelhuth, her father, was a leader in the cultural life of Eureka, where he organized the Eureka Star band, gave music lessons, and conducted a dancing school. His wife, Katharina, began to help with the care of the sick in the village. With the decline of Eureka, the Riegelhuth family moved to Reno, where Frank Riegelhuth planned to continue his musical career. Mr. Riegelhuth died soon after arriving in Reno, however, and his widow and child found new ways of earning a livelihood.

Katharina Riegelhuth, who had willingly helped in caring for afflicted people in Eureka, became a professional nurse. In this capacity, she opened and operated the first maternity home in Reno, and became almost an institution in the community.

Meanwhile, Katharine Riegelhuth entered the University of Nevada and prepared to become a teacher. After this training, Miss Riegelhuth became an instructor at the University, where she served for many years. She was not only a respected teacher, but also an active participant in faculty affairs.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, Miss Riegelhuth accepted readily. There were three taping sessions between January 6, 1966, and February 16, 1966, and a final session on January 30, 1967, when she recorded the material in Chapter IV concerning her mother. Miss Riegelhuth was a cooperative interviewee through all the recording sessions, apparently enjoying the opportunity to tell of her early life and the activities of her parents. The memoir recorded by Katharine Riegelhuth includes accounts and anecdotes of life in Eureka, Nevada, activities in Reno, Nevada, from the 1890's, work at the University of Nevada from 1905, a reminiscence about Katharina Riegelhuth, and a brief conclusion.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of persons who have played important roles in some phase of development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote from Katharine Riegelhuth's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1967

EARLY DAYS IN EUREKA

When mother came over to America from Germany with me, I was less than four years old, so everything was brand new. I forgot everything that had passed before that.

I have one or two recollections of the trip. Mother said I was miserably sick the whole time.

I had measles, for one thing, which then was bad, in the ship coming over, but I don't remember anything about that.

I do remember the elevated train in New York City—seeing it go past the hotel window. I guess the railroad itself—the cars and everything—must have been brand new to me.

But to see these things whizzing past the window!

And the endless prairies and the prairie dogs. Things like that are all I remember of the trip. I don't recall any other trip I had taken. It was entirely different. I don't have any notion that I thought about different country.

When I got to Eureka it was all right.

Frank Riegelhuth was my stepfather. My own father died when I was an infant in arms.

I always think of mother, the poor little widow and only 20 years old.

She came to country to marry Frank Riegelhuth, whom she had known before. He had come to California from Germany.

He came to an uncle. So often an older member of the family came first, the others came.

He was a musician and, of course, could be employed. Musical entertainment followed the workers and miners and smelters and so on, so it probably looked like a chance. Virginia City, I guess, was an attraction, too, although I don't know that he had ever been there. I never heard that he was in Virginia City until later. Mother came to marry him. And, of course, he was the only father I ever knew.

I started calling him "Papa" right away. Mother said she started calling him "Papa" to encourage me. He was born in about 1854, Mother in 1856. This young bachelor was suddenly presented with a daughter nearly four years old. It must have been a shock to him!

I have a mental picture of going from the house that we lived in; the house was not very much. It was only two rooms with a little kitchen attachment on the side. They added to it eventually. It was built on the hillside. There wasn't even a street, and it was about—what we'd consider now—not much more than a block from the drainage ditch.

After two disastrous floods in Eureka, there was a good many fatalities there at the time. In one that I will tell about, Father lost his violin case. It came so suddenly, you know. Cloudbursts out in the mountains are certainly severe. After the damage was done, they built a drain ditch. It had to have a little bridge over it, and the street along that bridge was the only real street in the part of the town we lived in. It was toward the east, against the east side of the mountains.

I remember Papa talking about the floods. There were two in which there were fatal accidents. In one, he lost his violin case. He probably had a spare violin, although I don't remember his playing more than the one. He always had the violin case tucked under his arm; though it did have kind of a handle on it, he never carried it that way. He said that it was recovered way down in the valley in the mud, but, evidently being rather light, a light wood case, you know—molded wood—it had stayed up in the water and it was found. He took it out and it didn't seem to be badly battered. A little bit, he said, but not much. So he sent it to Sherman-Clay in San Francisco, and there really was no harm to it.

One of the things I used to watch was Father changing the hair on the bow. He was so meticulous about that. He always talked to me when we were together. We sat and looked at each other. I don't know that he was interested, of course, in anything that I did and the pronunciation of words;

sometimes I came out with some very erratic pronunciation. He used to laugh.

I remember so well that someone had given me a doll buggy and a doll. The sidewalks were raised quite high. Sometimes there were two steps downhill. There were several places with steps down. I can see the people yet, picking up that doll carriage and lifting it down on the little narrow street, Clark Street, which was the main artery east and west. I just accepted that as the right thing.

Papa seemed so proud of me. I imagine there was a good deal of joking, perhaps, by his young friends. Maybe he just wanted to be with me and show me off. I remember singing in company. That was all—just a little get together and singing a little German song to his accompaniment on the violin.

Papa was not at all tall; in fact, he was rather short with broad shoulders. He would accompany me with the violin. We took to one another immediately. He was a wonderful man. He was most influential in my early childhood.

He knew more English. He could speak English, and Mother was learning to speak English. She took to it and soon began to read. She loved to read. She read English until the last days of her life. Once I said, "Why don't you ever want to read one of the German novels?" "Oh, no," she said, "It takes too long." She became Americanized right away.

Well, it was Papa, anyway, who took me the first day to school in the old schoolhouse on the hill to the west. I remember my first teacher—Gussie Manheim. I remember some of the children in what they used to call "infant class." They don't call it that anymore. It's first grade, I guess. There was no such thing as kindergarten. I must have been six years old. Frank Lochman, who afterward lived in Reno, and died in Reno, was one of the

students. Frank was connected with mining until he retired.

There was one child whose picture is in my school picture—Willie McKay. He was so little. I can't think of any others now, but Frank Lochman I would see from time to time through the years. He was a chubby-faced, stocky little boy.

Gussie Manheim had a sister who was an amateur artist, and one of the treats that we had was on Friday afternoon was when Ada Manheim would come and draw a frieze just below the ceiling on the blackboard around the room. That was such a treat to us to watch her. That was our introduction to art, I think. Second grade was across the hall.

My, that was primitive! The only source of drinking water was a tap below and a sink, which was, of all things, under the stairway. Children were a little suspicious of the common drinking cup, which was a tin cup fastened on a chain. Particular mothers would give their children a cup to drink out of from home. I remember when one girl even had a silver cup, if you please, that she drank milk out of at home. I don't know what mine looked like. I know it wasn't silver.

Those years passed rather uneventfully. The third and fourth grades were together in the front of the building. They had for the first time a man teacher and his name was Munro. He might have been the principal of the school at that time; I don't know. He used to come and teach the English class, for one thing. I don't know how many grades were in that room, but at least the third and the fourth. It seems to me the grading wasn't nearly as systematic as it is now. I think they more or less fitted the children in where they could grow to their best individual advantage.

The teacher used to read to us out of a favorite book of his, which was Audubon's

Birds of North America. There were so few birds around Eureka. Of course, that's desert country, and high, and I imagine the smelter fumes probably kept them away. Anyway, I might be able to see a hawk in the air, but not to distinguish it.

It was at this time they began to realize that it wasn't just stupidity on my part when I couldn't see this, that, or the other. They used to think it was stupidity or stubbornness, you know; or one or the other. At that time we went—I must have been nine years old—on a trip to San Francisco. We had my eyes examined and I came home with glasses. I was the only child at school wearing them. They were nuisance. I had a pair of reading glasses and a pair of distance glasses. The first time I wore the glasses after I received them, the optician said, "Just go out on the street and you'll become accustomed to these."

We looked up Kearny Street to Market, and Mother said I just acted like somebody possessed. "Oh, there's something over there;" and "What's that?" It just opened a new world. Of course, after that I began to read every bit of printed matter I could lay my hands on. I missed long division. Mother was sick when we went to San Francisco, and I missed the first instruction in long division.

But the teacher said that would be all right and I could make that up during vacation. I remember doing that with Ella Riley.

Ella Riley was not a young person and she married a man by the name of Hill. I don't remember his first name. He was an accountant, and afterward, he was connected with the State Prison in some way and he moved to Carson.

Well, Mrs. Riley was the grandmother of the famous Fulstone twins. I think Mrs. Hill had two daughters and one, Mary, registered at the University at one time, but didn't go long. It seems to me she went to California.

When I was 18, I was already in high school. Alice Ober was one of our high school teachers. The principal at that time was John Fay; I think he was a Harvard graduate. It was Alice Ober who interested us in what plant life there was in Eureka. We used to go on botanizing trips—botany was her hobby. It seems to me we had an open field there. Each one of us had a herbarium. We mounted specimens and we classified any of the finds we had. I remember getting together a collection and having it sent to a state teacher's convention, which used to be quite an event. The teachers not only met, but they brought samples of the work of the children. We had to buy Bristol board and blotters and all sorts of things to prepare our specimens. I still have my California Flora (Bancroft, 1888).

When we were in the last grades, they called it high school. Of course, I think there couldn't have been more than a half dozen, if there were that many, high schools in the state at the time. I think there were probably fewer than that. It was a three-year high school for a long time.

We were admitted to the University on almost anything, particularly a desire to go and a recommendation from the principal. Teachers were anxious to have subjects to teach. We used to write essays and were encouraged to read them to the class on Friday afternoon. I wrote one on Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington. So we learned to consult the few reference books they had.

The book that I appreciated the most, I think, as I was going through school was a copy of Webster's Unabridged. I became so interested in that, and talked about it so much and consulted it so often that on my eleventh birthday, my stepfather gave me a Webster's Unabridged. He had consulted Mr. Bartlett, the father of George Bartlett, who was the

postmaster at the time and sent away for this, and here it came, bound in calf. I was so proud to think that I owned that book.

Of course, school was uppermost in my mind.

I remember some of my playmates. I made friends at school; for instance, the Stowells. W. H. Stowell was a druggist. He had two daughters. One was Minnie Stowell—Ditz was her pet name, and it pursued her through life.

She was one of my best friends. And I knew Minnie Sadler.

My father and mother played cards in the same group as the Reinhold Sadlers. The Bakers—George W. Baker was a lawyer—were prominent in social life and politics and in city and county government. The one I knew best was Harry Baker, but it was Ray who really became prominent. They also were outstanding in the dancing school. They had a daughter, Irene.

Ray became a quite well-known figure in the government. He was Superintendent of the Mint. He ran for Senator in 1926 against Governor Oddie and I bet five dollars on it; and I lost. He was really a charming person. It was in the Wilson Administration that Ray Baker was prominent.

I think I was more interested in school the last couple of years than in anything else. In school, I remember the maps, particularly the map of Africa.

We learned how to make mountains. That was interesting.

I think it must have been the principal who had the geography class. I don't know what the grade was. I remember the big girls. Strangely enough, there weren't very many big boys, but there were more big girls. In fact, the first graduating class in Eureka High School was composed of three or four girls. That was in 1889. One was Louise Loschenkuhl—she became Mrs. Grubnau of Sparks; she became

a teacher. They took county examinations for teaching certificates at the time. Others were Effie Webster, she became Mrs. Frank McNamee, later of Las Vegas; and Polly Powell. They had graduating exercises in the Opera House. I happened to be there because I was visiting my friend, Minnie Stowell. We were in the same class and we graduated the next year. They were delightful people. I can't think of the fourth one who graduated (if there were four).

The school was really a leading institution in the town. There were a good many children and maybe the high salaries and so on attracted adventuresome teachers. Most of them were from the coast, except Alice Ober, who was the botanist, and she was from the east. For some reason or other, the last year I went to school in Eureka doesn't stand out. Miss Ober and Mr. Fay got married and they had gone away. They'd gone up to Washington, I believe, and they stayed there. He studied law and became a lawyer—John P. Fay. We had a Mr. McDonald, who was a state education official later on, I think. There was a Miss Lizzie Dorsey from Carson.

Since Papa was a musician, I knew something about the cultural life of Eureka. I remember a benefit performance in Eureka at the Opera House. We had an Opera House in Eureka, just as Reno had an Opera House. (It's rather amusing, I think, the delusions of grandeur. What is it anyway, that makes people want to choose names like the Palace Hotel and the Grand Hotel, and so on? Then, it's a little wooden shack. Is it that they're hopeful and expect to have their town become a great city sometime, and buildings become beautiful and noticed?) This performance was local people, and I remember one woman who sang, but I wasn't interested in singing. There were singing and instrumental numbers of various sorts. Papa was connected with them,

of course, and everybody in town who could be there, was there, listening. It was supposed to be a real event. I can't date it at all.

They spoke about Father's act, being a violinist and immediately organizing an orchestra. He gathered together, I imagine, amateur musicians, who had no particular interest until someone created that interest, which, of course, he did. There were many balls, which I didn't know very much about, but the outstanding accomplishment there was, of course, the Eureka Star Band.

Several of the prominent local men were in the band. John Torre was in business. He was a prominent Italian. He was a state Senator, from Eureka to the Legislature. The man who wore the great big horn around him was John Torre. (There was a recipe for John Torre, which was a spaghetti dish that they named after him. Evidently, he was famous for that, although I don't think he had a restaurant of anything of that sort.) There were the two Phillips boys who played the drums. Art, the one who played the snare drum, was a classmate of mine. The other one was Will Phillips.

And the clarinetist who was closely associated with Father; his name was Sisto Marciochi, I remember. He must have been one of the oldest residents left in Eureka. He was probably younger than Father. He played clarinet and he'd had some musical training. After Father died, Sisto came to Mother and asked if he might have Father's books of music.

Father was very much interested in music, not only playing music, but he made his own arrangements for his own groups. He probably also arranged the dance pieces, as well as the orchestra pieces. Father died in '91. He was in Rena only two years, and Sisto evidently took over the music. Mr. Al Ninnis was a tall man and good-looking. I don't remember what he

played. Andy Stinson was in the band, too, and Tom Dunkle. Mr. Ed Blumenthal was a young man, maybe connected with the men's clothing store. He played cornet in the band, I think.

The band had regular rehearsals. They used to rehearse in the engine house, not very far from where we lived. It was down on the only real street on the east side of the ditch. Of course, they were volunteers. They played for dances. Evidently there were a number of organizations, maybe with just a piano and a violin and a violin and a clarinet—maybe four or five—and maybe a larger aggregation with brasses. I think Sisto was in nearly every one. He and Father were very good friends. They were probably the only two who had much formal education in music and he probably had had that before he came out here with the other emigrants.

The band gave concerts. There was one, in particular, that was supposed to be very fine. I don't remember the date, but it was probably not too long before we left. It might have been the late '80's. I remember the big picnic out south of Eureka and they had a dance planned. They had a dance platform and the band played and they had games and refreshments, too. And what happened? Rain. It was to be over several days, I think. It was supposed to be a fine outing. Community entertainment. All I remember was the rain and our clothes were soggy and our shoes ruined and so on.

Those spring rains came up most unexpectedly. I remember on one of our botanizing expeditions we started out in the morning with only a light wrap. Not a coat, or anything like that. It seems to me we girls used to wear capes. Well, at any rate, we took our lunches along and we were just about started on our search for specimens when the rain came. It was a thunder shower. We were

simply drenched before we even got home! Of course, we hadn't gone many miles, but it rains like that often in the spring and the summer. We used to have them occasionally in Reno, but they're very infrequent.

Ruby Hill was where the mines were. I don't remember the names of the mines. At any rate, because the mines were so deep and so wet and so hot, a good many Cornish miners had fine, natural voices. Groups used to sing and, of course, they would come down from the mines on holidays and many weekends. We would hear them at all of our celebrations. My father was very much interested in their voices. There was one by the name of Sampson. I remember Father saying, "If he were in Europe, he would be singing before crowned heads."

In connection with a play that was given by amateurs, I remember the name of a play—"Rosedale." There were miners in it, of course, and there was a miner's chorus. I think Sampson, probably, was the soloist. I remember some of the words in the miners' chorus—"Digging dusty diamonds all year 'round" and so on "working underneath the ground" and one thing or another.

I haven't any recollection of details of the play. of course, I was taken to see it and I suppose some of the outstanding young society girls were in it. There was a Grace Pardy. The Pardy family was rather prominent socially. Grace Pardy was a very beautiful young woman. She was probably the star in it.

Then, too, I remember a traveling company in which Minnie Palmer was. I have a notion that Minnie Palmer was a popular young star at the time. When I went back to Eureka half a dozen years ago and visited the Sentinel office there in the printing shop, we saw a poster for a play (I don't know what the name of the play was). I remember the line under the picture. She was standing by a

gate and supposed to be saying, "Wait for me, my sweetheart." I remembered that and they laughed so. I said, "I can't read that, but I can tell you what the line."

And there was an "Uncle Tom" show that came to town. Of course, this was an outside organization, maybe a traveling company. I imagine there were many. I remember the bloodhounds paraded through the main street, and two of the actors held back these ferocious-looking things. They were probably very gentle. Something happened to "Little Eva" and they had to substitute a child from the Eureka school. I was interested in this because she was my own age. Her name was Emma Robertson. They borrowed a dress that belonged to me for "Eva" to wear. There was evidently nothing of the actress in me and she was accustomed to speaking pieces and so on, so she had no stage fright. That was an institution, wasn't it? "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Among the musicians Mrs. Richard Ryland was an accomplished pianist. I remember that Father would talk of playing—practicing, probably—for some concert with Mrs. Ryland. I think her father had been a musician.

There was one concert that the Band gave and, at that time, they presented an enlarged photograph of the group. I don't think there were more than a dozen or 15 members in the band. I suppose the organization just fell apart when people left, and, certainly when Father left and came to Reno. When he came here, there was a band and Gabe Hoskins was the leader of the band and he and Father joined forces and built up the Reno band. You see, he was here less than two years. I think they had new uniforms that were rather drab-looking.

Ruby Hill just had a canyon hillside and that's all. I imagine the road was just a one-way wagon road. It was just cut into the ground with no paving or anything like that. It was

steep. I remember walking it. I went up to the dancing school class that Father and Mother had there.

I also remember being entertained at a home dinner. I can remember the delicious scones and preserves at the table. Naturally, a child would be interested in that. There's a kind of a turnover that they call, I think, a pastry. It was a delicacy, with fruit. It was kind of like a turnover apple pie. The family's name was Bryant. I think they came to Reno, too, later. I remember one of the daughters was named Golinda. I never heard that name before.

The road led through the canyon in Eureka out past the cemeteries and up the hill and there was a little ore railroad. It just ran back of the schoolhouse. We used to get large pins, the kind they used in offices, and cross them and put them on the track when we'd see the little train coming. They'd run over it and form scissors. It's too bad that a child's memory could be so vivid in connection with the trivial, when they could be remembering all sorts of interesting things. Of course, we remember in our own world.

The dancing school was in the Opera House, of course. I remember there was a gallery in the Opera House and stage and a very good dance floor. I imagine the choice seats were in the gallery. The Eureka Opera House was thought to be grand at the time. It was lighted by chandeliers and any number of kerosene lamps in the chandeliers.

The dancing school started with the children. Mother was particularly interested. It became quite an institution in the children's lives and the mothers', too. Of course, they came as they usually did in the children's dancing school. And, at the end of the term, there was always a party. The outstanding couple led the Grand March. This was all ballroom dancing. I remember they didn't

show me any favors. I was just one of the children. I was not a star, or anything of that sort. In fact, I think perhaps Papa wasn't interested in my performance of any kind. He'd have me stay in school.

The favorite dances were the waltz and schottische and the square dances—the quadrilles and the Lancers and so on. They did the same dances that their fathers and mothers enjoyed. It was a waltz-quadrille that we liked particularly. All the different figures were dances, too, to waltz music. That must have been rather pretty. The grownups did the same thing, occasionally. I don't know any singing in connection with the dancing. The polka—did we like to polka! We would tear around and use so much energy, especially if you had a partner who was a little larger than you and would lead you. But it was all very decorous. One of these parties turned out to be a fancy-dress party. I remember two of the Baker boys had satin pages' suits made in San Francisco. They were very elegant. I don't remember what Irene, the sister, wore. Probably something on the same order. Maybe one of those boys lead the grand march. The partners were assigned, more or less. They wanted this to be something in the nature of an exhibition.

There was also a dancing school for adults—ballroom dancing—one evening a week. In fact, I sometimes played the piano accompaniment for Father when he played the violin. Mother helped with the dancing school. The men were more anxious to learn to dance—young men. There weren't a lot of young women. There were only a few girls in the higher classes at school. It was mainly a man's town, except for some families. There were some. There were few couples.

There was some card clubs, I know, because Mother and Father used to go with the Herman Levis and the Sadlers. Another

thing, so many of the young girls were sent away to school. Minnie Griffin, for instance, who afterwards became Mrs. M. D. Foley of Reno. Then, later, she was Mrs. O. J. Smith. She was more prominent as Mrs. Smith than as Mrs. Foley. I think that she sang, too. They moved to Reno. They were very prominent. I think O. J. Smith was from New York—a sort of promoter.

Of course, in connection with the dancing school, especially for adults, they had dancing parties, soirees. They had a caller, naturally.

I'll have to tell you one childhood recollection. It must have been the death of President Garfield, for they had a mock funeral. There was a memorial organization. They must have gone to the Opera House, which was the gathering place, or maybe one of the churches, I don't know. But what I do remember is a catafalque all draped in black and something simulating a coffin on that. No flowers—there were very few flowers to be gathered. The first dollar I ever earned was making tissue paper roses for a friend for Decoration Day. The horses had some sort of black drapes and plumes on the head. I was too young to know what it was about, but, of course, everybody went down on the main street and watched it, so I was down there, too. That made an impression on me with the bell tolling all the time, tolling the number of years of the deceased. I don't remember music or the militia marching. This strange structure was the thing that impressed me, and the tolling of the bells, and the solemnity of it with the black. It must have been Garfield in 1881. I was five years old.

The election of Cleveland is another recollection. Father was so interested. He was going to vote for a President. He was an American citizen and he was going to vote for a President and his President was elected. I remember the anvils. All the blacksmiths got their anvils out and there was more banging

going on. The women all stayed home and the school was closed. The women were not supposed to appear on the street at all during election day. No women and children allowed. It was a man's business. How happy Father was to think he had voted for President and his President was elected. It was a great celebration. There was no cannon, but the anvils were banging. There was no parade that I remember.

I remember going with Father and Mother to a political meeting when George Cassidy was a candidate, about 1888. Mrs. Cassidy, afterward, lived in Reno. She may have died here. I remember hearing the speeches. There were torchlight processions and things like that before the election. He was elected Congressman earlier, but not that time.

Of course, the band turned out for those things. It meant that it could be gathered together. They used to play "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" at these rallies. I think the other songs were the national airs, chiefly. I don't remember hearing "Dixie." It seems to me it was favorite later on.

I remember listening to Father practice. In time, after the fire, they added to the first couple of rooms they built immediately after the fire. We had a room, kind of a sitting room, maybe for company. Maybe, too, for a pupil who came for instruction. I'm not sure of that. It was not a part of the house we lived in all the time. People used to have a room of that sort. I remember sitting down outside the window and listening to Papa practice. I loved music, but I was not cut out to be a musician. Papa did buy me a piano, however. It may be for that reason I appreciate it very much.

After we came to Reno, I remember Papa talking about practicing violin duets with Otto Herz. Wherever he was, he gathered musicians around him. I didn't pay any particular attention to anybody who came

for instruction. I imagine Papa went to the homes to give lessons.

My mother never did nursing professionally, but she helped out—she was that kind. The connection with Dr. G. H. Thoma and the scarlet fever epidemic—that one stands out. My first acquaintance with Dr. Thoma was when I had a very bad sore throat—tonsillitis. Dr. Thoma was our family physician until he died. (He and Mother became very good friends and associates after we came to Reno, and after Father died when Mother really worked for our living.) I think there was no question of compensation when she helped out. I wouldn't know what that might be until the scarlet fever epidemic. Mother told me about that.

She talked to the doctor and said that she felt that She wanted very much to help out, and the family was not too far away. The father was a miner or smelter man—I I don't know which. She wanted to help the mother take care of the children, and Dr. Thoma said that she must remember that she had a child of her own. Mother replied that she knew that, and she would be very careful.

In those days, the people had a woodshed which served for many purposes besides storing wood. She said she would keep the clothes that she wore when she was helping the sick there, and would change her clothes for the home. And she told him that she would keep a tub for hot water with carbolic acid, I believe it was. I don't know whether any of that little family survived or how many were sick—but I imagine at least two at a time. Mother seemed to think it was worth doing, even running the risk. It wasn't until we came to Reno and after Father's death in '91 that Mother began to do nursing, as I say, professionally, although she had no credentials or anything of that kind. This was 80 years or more ago.

Dr. Thoma's daughter, Mrs. Hardy, looks very much like him. Her coloring is very much like his. He was not a tall man, nor a large man. He was average size and very soft-spoken and gentle. I'd recognize a photograph of him, but I couldn't describe him so that you might recognize him. He had been in the Civil War. I imagine that was where he got his start in medicine. That phase of his life I don't know anything about.

We had a Dr. Hagar in Eureka, too. I think he, afterward, lived in Sparks.

All my childish illnesses were attended by Dr. Thoma. Those were the days when the doctors would come to the houses, of course, and pay a visit now and then. I think the term was used in an entirely different sense. You go to the doctor now and the doctor looks at you and you carry on a dialogue, questioning and so on. I didn't know what their charges were. I didn't know anything about money until I came to Reno.

RENO IN THE 1890S

Of course, not all of the people of Eureka fled. Not all of them came to Reno. Many of them went south later on, to Tonopah and to some of the camps that were beginning there.

This was a new world when I came to Reno, although I had been in San Francisco a number of times. The arsenic fumes from the smelter in Eureka were rather hard on the children, and I guess I was “a delicate child.” (You don’t hear that term any more, do you?) We used to go to San Francisco in the summer for a short time, so I was used to a city. Reno was just beginning to be an important town; 3,500, I think they said was the population when we came in November of ’89.

I was delighted with Reno when I arrived here as a girl. The Depot Hotel was still in existence. There was a much, much larger business section. All that we had in Eureka was in the one street. I thought the Washoe County Bank was quite imposing. The Bishop Whitaker School was a lovely location and is still. I wasn’t particularly impressed with the Reno High School. In fact, I didn’t like it from the start. Maybe it was because people

were beginning to talk about the University and the preparatory course there—the business course. We located on Lake Street and, even though there were just alfalfa fields in between, that looked to be the growing school, the educational institution. Father was quite willing that I should start there in the preparatory course. I liked the little Episcopal Church. I became acquainted with some of the neighboring people my age—Grace Ward and Mabel Stanoway on Center Street.

We came to Reno just in time for the election. I suppose Papa didn’t vote then. He hadn’t been in the county long enough, or something like that. I don’t remember anything particularly except the torch-light procession and the University students and the high school students—just a handful carrying the torches in the parade.

I don’t know anything about formal singing groups, but there was a group of amateur actors. Charlie Norcross was prominent in that. I don’t know if Frank was. Ione Gould was prominent. I remember going

to one of the performances of “Ingomar,” a very romantic play.

There weren’t circuses in the very early days. I was trying to think of where they were held. It was way down on East Fourth Street. In the late ’90’s and the 1900’s, that’s where they used to be. I don’t remember other parades or anything like that.

The dancing school was held on the second floor of the Byington Building on the corner of Second and Virginia. It was a medium-sized hall, good for a small group like that, and there used to be private dances given there, too. I didn’t know anything about that, being still too young.

I remember the Thomas’, after the doctor came to Reno and married Alice Willsey. I think she was a Sacramento girl, teaching in Carson. Their house was a little, low house—one story—on the southwest corner of Liberty and Virginia, and stood there for a long time.

It was Dr. Thoma who encouraged Mother to go on with her work after Papa died in 1891. They often worked together. In fact, one of the first—if not the first—maternity cases in our home on Lake Street was a niece of Mrs. Thoma. The child was named Phyllis Davenport. Davenport was a nephew of one of the ranchers in the valley. Mrs. Davenport and her husband were later divorced. She had another little girl, not at our house. She became a court reporter—Lucy Davenport. She married again, a newspaper man named Stitser. She herself edited the paper after her husband died.

Dr. Thoma, of course, is the one I remember best of all. Dr. Pickard from Virginia City came to Reno and I know he sent patients to Mother at the house. A woman from out of town came there. She came in several days before the time that was forecast. She was a very nice person. There was a son, which they were very happy about. She came all prepared to die in the bedroom. Mother

said, “What an attitude to what should be a joyous occasion! There’s going to be no trouble at all.” And there wasn’t.

I remember the Drs. Phillips—there were two—Percy and Will. Both were tall, thin, youngish men. Their father and mother came out and lived here with them. I would see them at the house. Somehow, I don’t feel that I entered very much into Mother’s work. I know I didn’t, as far as that’s concerned! I had my activities and my work and Mother had hers; particularly after she fitted up two rooms and a bath. Afterward, we both thought what a shame not to have kept a list of the babies who were born in the house.

There wasn’t a hospital. Mother wouldn’t have considered it. They would have been highly amused if they thought of it that way. It was just a more convenient place than the homes. Of course, most people wanted their children born in their own homes. In fact, I have a notion that it must have taken some time to break down that barrier of suspicion that the babies might be mixed. I know of only once, so far as I remember that there were two in our house at the same time. I think the second bed was more of an accommodation to a woman who came early.

I know Mother had difficulty in getting the doctors to file a birth certificate, but I don’t remember when records began to be required. She just had to stuff these certificates—pieces of paper—into their pockets to make them pay attention.

Several times I’ve been asked to attest to the dates of the birth of the babies when they were grown. It seems to me one of them was Elizabeth Clemons—who was not born in our house—not more than a half dozen years ago. I happened to know her mother, Maude Bradley (Mrs. Jay demons) one of my girlhood friends—one of the first girls I ever became acquainted with in Reno.

I mustn't forget Ida Sauer Smith, Mrs. Preston Smith. Ida was here from the Sauer ranch attending the preparatory school or business school, whatever they called it, at the time she was boarding in the house next door to the one we lived in. That's how I became acquainted with her. She was the mother of Dr. Lloyd Smith and Francis Smith, the mayor of Reno. Dr. Smith was honored the same year I was at the University.

I don't know very much about Reno society. At the time my Mother was earning our living, for one thing. We always had a lot of good friends, influential friends, as far as that's concerned. Their daughters were my friends, like Maude and Vernal Bell Gregory; Agnes Bell was a little older. I think they traced their relationship to Alexander Graham Bell. (Someone asked me a couple of years ago if I knew where the old Bell house was. Before it was the Bell House, it was the Bouton house. It later became the Gamma Phi house, known to most people as the Bell House.)

I think in those early days, the Fourth of July was celebrated alternately in Reno and in Virginia City and Gold Hill, I remember the V and T with the cars filled, also flatcars with benches for the trip by train up to Virginia City for the Fourth of July celebration.

I remember one which resulted disastrously on the Plaza in Reno, which is the corner on Sierra and Commercial Row down by the tracks.

The fireworks were set off there, and accidentally, the supply of Roman candles and other fireworks caught fire. At least one person was very seriously burned and, of course, that put a damper on the celebration, too. Some people suffered minor injuries.

The Fourth of July snowstorm was in 1902. The two blocks on Virginia Street were draped with bunting and it began to fade. It wasn't uncommon to have a blizzard, a

snowstorm and wind that late in the year. It seems to me the Elks Lodge was founded about that time or a few years before, and they were going to have a big celebration, and the snowstorm interfered with that.

While Mother went on with her work, I became a student. In the commercial department at the University of Nevada—the business course and so on—Robert Lewers was the principal. It seemed to me the regular University faculty, although it wasn't very regular at the time, also gave instruction. It seems to me we had most of our work with Robert Lewers—bookkeeping, for instance, shorthand, typing; telegraphy, even. We had fun with that on the third floor of Morrill Hall.

At the same time, there was a normal school going on. That was a growing department of the University. We had few classes outside of the regular business courses at the time. The normal course was the one that was growing, and was chiefly women. I remember when there were two men and that's all. It was a small group, after all. I don't know what the enrollment was. There wasn't very much distinction made. In fact, we graduated from the University of Nevada just as well as Norcross, Cutting, and Bristol, who received a B. A. degree. At graduation I remember going with Mother to McKissick Opera House with the three gentlemen with their canes and their hats and so on. That was a real event—the first Bachelor's Degrees.

Kate Bardenwerper was one of the outstanding teachers in the normal department. The University began by being very practical, that's one thing. Miss Clapp was librarian. The library was on the first floor on the west side. There were a few books—that's all.

Miss Clapp was a real character, though. She was short, sturdily-build, with short, iron-gray hair that was turning white. She wore

glasses with large lenses. She must have been something of a disciplinarian. She kept order. Naturally, as many as could spent their spare time outside of classes in that library, which was just a fair-sized room. That was all. When I knew her, she lived with Miss Elizabeth Babcock in Mrs. Conner's boardinghouse.

Some of the other University people lived at Mrs. Conner's. Professor McDowell, who was connected with the weather bureau in some way; and the young instructor from Princeton, J. Warne Phillips, who taught physics and chemistry. Phillips was a favorite of the young men students and, it seems to me, he was the one who introduced tennis among them. I believe he organized the tennis club.

Miss Clapp always dressed in very severe, masculine fashion. She wore a large, gold watch on a heavy, gold chain tucked into a pocket of her skirt. Of course, their work in Nevada began in Carson, where they had a private school. On her retirement, Miss Clapp lived in Colorado for a long time.

Frances Short, one of the prominent teachers there for a time, even on the University faculty, and Miss Clapp were good friends. It seems to me Miss Short got a degree from Stanford. At least, she studied there. At one time, Miss Short was acting head of the English department and I did her reading for her.

I was just a student. I was not a leading student; just one of them having a good time.

I remember one of the pranks at Halloween time. The janitor at Morrill Hall used to come in a little two-wheeled cart and tie up his horse. There was sort of a shelter or shed to protect the horses. Some of the students came on horseback. One Halloween they hauled that little two-wheeled cart up the steps to the third floor, somehow or other, through the belfry and tied it up there. It was supposed to be most humorous. Halloween

used to lead to all sorts of pranks, but not destruction—exchange of gates and things like that, but not anything like splashing paint, scratching up the finish on buggies—there were no automobiles.

After I took the business course, I could have had a position in the Nevada Bank, but my mother said, "You are too young, and you haven't had enough education. I think we can manage for you to go through the University and get a degree and be a teacher." I'd always thought of being a teacher, if I thought about earning a living at all. That didn't seem to enter my mind much. I wasn't so practical-minded, I suppose. I always took an interest in my studies and I enjoyed them.

I remember particularly Professor T. W. Cowgill. Three or four years ago, Alfred Merritt Smith and I were seated beside one another at an alumni gathering, a dinner at the University, and we started talking about Professor Cowgill. Tom made some very interesting remarks at the time. I'm sorry there wasn't someone there to take them down. He was comparing what the University offered now and what it offered in the early years. He said through the efforts of such people as Professor Cowgill, and some of the others, he thought we were pretty well educated. He said we had a firm foundation. That's true in math and the fundamentals of natural sciences, as they were taught then. We had a pretty good outlook on life.

Professor Cowgill and I were good friends from the start. He always seemed to be looking for the spark. He had the faculty of bringing out the resources in the students under him. He took the study of literature—especially English literature—seriously. I'm sure he was responsible for a good many of us who went on in our studies. He was such a fine, sincere teacher. His love of teaching kept him busy through his life. Many of us learned to admire

and understand English classics because of him. A group of his former students formed little clubs which met at homes to discuss the literature with him (that was after he retired as Emeritus Professor). He was interested in me and, after I graduated in '97 he hoped that I would be able to go on. In fact, he thought the thing for me to do was to be sent east for school—Wellesley, perhaps, or Radcliffe, or someplace to round out my education. Of course, that was beyond Mother's resources, but several of the students that we were most friendly with had gone to California for graduate work, so Berkeley, it was.

Maude Wheeler (Mrs. Hugh Senseney), Stella Linscott, Louise Linscott and I lived with the Linscotts. Mrs. Linscott had moved to Reno from northern California. They moved down to Berkeley. We—the three of us, Stella and Maude and I—had been appointed teachers at the University. Maude taught German and Stella taught Latin and I was to teach English.

Then an old injury which hadn't amounted to very much at the time, an injury to my knee, suddenly flared up and I was unable to walk. Then began a series of visits to the Children's Hospital in San Francisco. It resulted after several years in an operation on the knee joint. I was home out of circulation for a couple of years, except that I was active enough around the house, as far as that was concerned.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Maude Wheeler, in 1905, sent for me, and said that she had decided to get married. Dr. Stubbs asked me if I wouldn't take over the German that she was giving up, so I did. I think I had two classes at first. Then H. W. Hill decided to resign, and so I also taught English in the University prep, the University high school. I had second and third year English. I finally dropped the second year and had only the junior and senior English. We graduated one class in 1912.

I think we had a pretty good high school. Margaret Mack taught math and Dr. Rueben Cyril Thompson came and stayed as principal. He taught Latin, and he also taught Greek. Silas Ross taught science. With the graduation of that class, the University preparatory was abolished, overnight. We were not informed ahead of time.

In 1905, when I really took up teaching in the University, we didn't know how disabled I might be. That was one thing. The doctor had spoken about the librarian's position and so forth and maybe librarian's training, but

the years passed and it seemed to me I was perfectly well and strong.

We were very much on the same plan—the high school preparatory students and the regular college students.

We were often in the same classes, at least with the same instructors. I've forgotten what I received for that.

I think it was \$75 a month, if I'm not mistaken.

At least, it was no more. I don't remember any of the classes except the beginning German. We were all headed for German literature, scientific or creative. I think German was required in one of the engineering courses, maybe the chemistry major, or something like that. I enjoyed that, too.

I learned something. We had conversation, but the conversation was only secondary. I think the point of view with language teaching has changed a great deal since then. That's over 60 years ago, you see. I certainly tried to keep it more alive than the Latin instruction, although I enjoyed the Latin, too.

While I have that work Latin in mind now, I will tell about Dr. J. E. Church. He had his classroom on the second floor of Morrill Hall, the northwest corner.

It was a small room, but it was all very comfortably heated, because there was a stove in there. I think it was one of the first three who graduated—Fred Bristol and Frank Norcross and Henry Cutting—who was in Dr. Church's Latin class.

He built a model of Caesar's Bridge. I saw it in my Latin class. It was on a bookshelf against the wall, about 14 inches long and built to scale, I suppose. It represented a good deal of work and ingenuity. And to think of anyone digging through that description in Caesar's Commentaries and to take that as the basis! I often wondered what became of that.

I remember some of the freshman in one of those early years—Melvin Jepsen, for instance, to say nothing of Fred Anderson. Fred was a good student, and when he came to me for a recommendation when he applied for a Rhodes scholarship, I felt flattered. That's probably because of the classes he had in German.

I don't know who was his sponsor at the time, probably Dr. Church.

I wonder if he remembers that. Our first Rhodes scholar was St. Clair.

I used the northwest corner of the first floor of the Stewart Hall. It was a little room. Professor Higginbotham had it afterward, I remember. Then I was across the hall in the large room, a room really much too large, and the latecomers—they were usually boys—used to come to the eight o'clock English class and have to walk about the distance of 12 feet to their seats.

Of course, everything was suspended while they came in and took their places. I thought if we did that, perhaps they would

get up five minutes earlier and come to class on time.

But that didn't become my classroom until after my being at Columbia.

The commercial course was housed in the second floor of Stewart Hall. That practically belonged to us.

There was room for math and English. I had the small room over the entrance, which was really an office. Dr. H. W. Hill later used it for his office. It was a nice, intimate, little room for a few students. The room for the large classes—math and English and what not—was the one on the southwest corner.

It seems to me that the first principal we had there was a Mr. Howe from Carson. I remember he was the one who had the low podium built. He was a short man. He seemed quite elderly to me.

He had two daughters. One, Sybil Howe, graduated from the University (class of '27). The end of that was 1912. That was the last class. In fact, it was the only class we graduated.

When the University preparatory was abolished, Mother said, "This is the time for you to do your graduate work." And Margaret Mack thought so, too, so she and I set out for Columbia. We had lost our positions when the high school was abolished. But we came back in the fall of '13, to be full-fledged members of the University faculty.

Carolyn Beckwith was secretary to Dr. Joseph Stubbs. That's when she began. That Alumni Directory of hers is really something that I think should be commemorated in some way. I suppose she put it together through correspondence with the individual, perhaps beginning when he was a senior at the University, and through friends. I wouldn't give mine up for \$25, if I didn't think I could get another one. There wasn't another one

until Jeanette C. Rhodes spent so much time on one.

The information in the directories is interesting. They show whether the student is married and what positions they held. I think, too, you'll find advanced degrees in the Rhodes one, and the latest address. Of course, it's never accurate. Every day it changes. I think it's a fine piece of work those two women did and yet, it's one that seems to me is not always recognized. People just didn't seem to realize the value of these directories.

I will tell you of the organization of the Arts and Sciences Faculty. I wasn't very much interested in that, but I was secretary of the Arts and Science Faculty forever, it seems to me. I came back in 1913 from Columbia. President Hendrick was president at the time. Miss Sissa, the Registrar, had been secretary of the Arts and Science Faculty, but President Hendricks wished the secretary to be a member of the Faculty and so I was chosen, being new and green.

The controversy in President Hendrick's term was with regard with his academic qualifications, but I think there probably was some misunderstanding in that respect. His education was in Canada and, it seemed to me, the point was made that the M. A. degree was, more or less, informal. I don't know what was at the bottom of this except that he didn't fit in here. He did very well in the position he had in some financial institution in San Francisco when he left here. I remember his son came when they dedicated his portrait among the others in the old library.

Mr. Hendrick seemed to me a very slow, deliberative man. I remember an address that he made down in at some meeting in the old Riverside Hotel. I don't recall whether it was something in the nature of an installation address or something like that. It was philosophical and

I don't think it had any particular intimate relation with the situation here. In fact, I heard comments along that line. I think the guests had expected, perhaps, something more in the nature of a plan, an outlook, what he expected to do to the University. It was sort of an abstract, philosophical paper. I was not involved in the controversy.

I was secretary of the Arts and Science Faculty up to the time I retired and that was under a number of presidents and deans. Dean Wood informed me after I retired, "You know, Miss Riegelhuth, I had your minutes bound."

I said, "Thank you."

At the meetings we didn't always have an agenda. We had reports of committees passing on certain questions on matters with respect to courses, and so on—new courses were brought before the faculty as a whole.

We had to pass on the graduates and they, in turn, were passed to the general faculty. Courses of study were changed for arts and sciences. Dean John Watson was the Dean of Arts and Sciences and I considered him a fine, capable man.

He was a good friend of mine, too. He made recommendations for promotions within the Arts and Science Faculty, departmental promotions, and so on. Once in a while, we'd have a discussion that grew just a bit heated with regard to substitution of courses for graduation when a student was a senior. It was routine matters, more or less. Sometimes courses that were proposed by members of the faculty were discussed quite freely, as to the worth of the course. We discussed the number of credits that might be assigned to a particular course. On the whole, the atmosphere was friendly.

I most remember Walter Clark of the presidents. When he first came, he seemed to

want to become acquainted with the situation and with the faculty and with the courses. In fact, he's the only president that I recall who ever visited any of my classes, and he did in the beginning. I think he was interested in the teaching side of the University. I imagine he had been a teacher himself.

It's hard to rate one above the other. Dr. Stubbs, who really gave us the idea of an institution, such as we look forward to here, was very good.

I think one of the finest pieces of work we ever did at the University was in connection with the returned veterans from the first World War. We graduated a number of them. Several of them were disabled physically, and some hadn't the slightest idea of going to college. The program was largely the idea a man by the name of Sherrill, who was officially connected with this particular movement—a government agency. We called them the Federal Board Students. I don't know how many there were to begin with. There must have been nearly 30.

They were, for the most part, young men who hadn't thought of an academic career, for one thing. They were accepted very well in the social and academic life of the campus. Some dropped out, naturally. They found the pace was not what they were suited to. But we graduated a good many of them. They were always grateful for that, too. Once started, they had federal assistance all the way through. I don't recall how many classes there were. Those I knew the best were in the first class.

I can recall some early commencements. The classes of '96 and '97 were rivals. If I'm not mistaken, '96 was the first class that graduated in the old gym.

Somebody should write up the story of the old gym. There was very little, if any, state aid in the construction of that gym. Year after

year, the classes pledged themselves to a small sum to get started on it. The students' and faculty both gave all sorts of entertainments, even toured this state to give entertainment—vaudeville, whatever they had. The citizens of Reno were particularly active in it. It turned out to be a very useful hall for civic affairs.

Maybe someone would like to look up in the files and see an account of a breakfast, which they called a "bulls-head breakfast," a barbecue. I remember going up there and seeing the pits in which they barbecued the bulls' heads, actually. There were a few choice morsels of beef in connection with that and sourdough biscuits, all for a dollar. There was also coffee. Out of curiosity, if nothing else, a great many people went out for that. I think the Citizen's Committee, who managed the affair, turned in quite a sum of money.

Besides the contributions of cash from the members of various classes as they came along, many contributed work. Many of the students laid bricks. They did any labor. All of it was to help build the gym. That was the heart and head and center of the University for many years. There we had our happiest times and some of the saddest times. We had funeral services for Dr. Stubbs and Emmet Boyle in the gym. It was the center of social affairs, assemblies, general meetings, commencement, baccalaureate, and receptions for distinguished guests. I remember William Gibbs McAdoo and his wife, Eleanor Wilson, were there. All the social affairs—formals, parties of the classes. That was before we had fraternal organizations, when we just were beginning. The townspeople were always pleased to be invited to social affairs at the University. The Military Ball was always a feature. We still have it.

One spring, we had a Maypole dance and we were looking for someone to direct

it. It turned out to be my mother. That all goes back to the era of simplicity and lack of sophistication. Of course, there were the basketball games and the girls' basketball season.

KATHARINA RIEGELHUTH

In the course of my wanderings through my recollections, I thought it would be nice to say something more about my mother. Katharina Riegelhuth was under twenty-five when she came to this country. She was not an imposing-looking person as many nurses are. She was of a medium build and always very erect. Mother had that quality, called in the actor's profession, stage presence. Mother always had presence, you'd say. She didn't sink into the background, and she didn't stand out in a crowd, but you knew she was there. She had regular features and soft dark hair and very expressive hazel eyes. Her voice was low, but she could express herself forcibly if necessary, and raise her voice at such times.

Mother and I lived together almost as older and younger sisters. There was twenty years between us. We'd been alone together after Father died. We got along very well through her management and energy and skill.

She took up nursing immediately and soon became quite well-known to the

doctors, in particular. She gave an account of her babies after a few years. The child in the family who was Auntie Riegelhuth's baby always felt that he had something that the others in the family did not have. She had a particular success with children, although she took other cases as well. It seemed to be an affinity between her and an ailing little child or infant. And when the doctors could do nothing to them, they used to say, "Oh, take him to Mrs. Riegelhuth for a few days. She'll straighten him out. It will be all right." Particularly in the feeding of infants, she was very skillful; she never lost her interest in the individual child.

She was equally at home in families where she sat at the family table and was served as the family was, and in humble homes as well. No distinctions were made, as far as she was concerned. She was equally at home there. And in many instances, family members she came in contact with during her ministrations became lifelong, loyal, and devoted friends. This came to my notice particularly after her death when prominent men in the city and

the state came asking to be numbered among the pallbearers.

My education and my welfare became her chief—I won't say interest—responsibility. During the period in which I was unable to accept a teaching position at the University after extensive surgery, I had every care and encouragement. I used to consider myself a drawback, but Mother never looked upon it that way. She always was sure that before very long I would become the teacher that I had looked forward to being. It was largely through her attention and good sense that that actually became an eventual attainment. I became a teacher at the mature age of twenty-seven and in my home town, in my alma mater.

Mother always had the respect of the medical profession, although in her era, there were just the beginnings of professional training for nurses. And she was often called upon in difficult cases. She was noted for much practical good sense. And before very long she acquired the little house that became our home for so many years.

Like many foreign-born Americans, she prized the fact that she was an American citizen, and couldn't understand why native-born American women, neighbors and friends said, "Oh, I'm not going to vote." Mother looked upon that as a privilege and a duty, and she performed it.

Our entry into the First World War, of course, brought considerable activity. Mother served in various capacities with other women. It was at that time, I think, that the Red Cross really became prominent, at least here.

She never could understand why everyone wasn't equally enthusiastic over any military display at that time. She would go down and become enthusiastic when the particular contingent was ready to take the train. They marched through the streets at that time, a

small group at a time, to the station. Even in the later peaceful years she always enjoyed any parade of any sort. Another thing she couldn't fathom was the relative indifference of the populace. There were there to see. As far as any applause, acclaim of any kind, was concerned, she thought that should be more in evidence.

During the First World War with the Red Cross, Mother taught any number of women how to knit—knitting socks at that time, among other things. They used to come to the house and she'd teach them her European continental fashion of knitting, which was very much faster, she always said, and I think simpler, in one way. Many young women learned how to finish off a toe and turn a heel at her hands.

Mother was always ready to respond to any call for aid at any time. When illness or death came to neighbors, Mother's services were offered naturally, and accepted with gratitude. She always heeded a call for help, even from a distance, as at the outbreak of the fire after the earthquake in San Francisco. She said, "Oh, there'll be many babies unprovided for, or the family belongings burned." And she went about to her friends whose babies she had cared for, and begged baby clothes that had been laid away for future use. Those were the days when people didn't have automobiles, and you walked.

It was so much more satisfactory for her to walk to this person's home and the other one's, and put the case to them. So boxes and packages of all sorts were sent to San Francisco immediately, which contained offerings of that kind among food and rugs; that was sent immediately. It seems to me there were a few boxcars sent from Reno almost as soon as word came of the need and necessities; one of the very first such rescue operations, I imagine, on the coast.

Of course, San Francisco was always our city. Everybody knew when you said, "Well, I'm going to the city," tomorrow or next week, and so on. So it's very close. I don't know that there still is, but from the beginning there such close feeling between the communities, San Francisco, and Reno, and Virginia City.

Oh, the feeling of confidence she had. She wouldn't give up until the last breath, as far as that was concerned. Mother had marvelous good judgment, and as I said, before, practical common sense to meet almost any situation.

I recall once she was called to a home on Sierra, between Third and Fourth. Such a thing as easy transportation was out of the question. It was at night. She was always ready at any time to respond. She had a little valise, I think they called it at the time, brown leather, in which she had some of the necessities. This particular time, it must have been a breaking up of winter, because it was slushy. When she reached Sierra and Fifth, and walked down to Fourth, she thought someone was loitering on the corner, but she started to walk by very briskly. And this loiterer reached for her bag. Instead of giving it up, she took a good hold of it and gave him such a push that he slipped and fell. She began calling; she was then half a block from the house. Nothing would daunt her. She was ready for any emergency.

In the early 1900's, I'm trying to set a date tentatively, it must have been in the 1902 or '03, in response to, I was going to say public demand, Mother had some alterations and additions made to the house, so that she could take maternity cases in the house. I began teaching in 1905, so I haven't much recollection, except that so many of our friends came to what a devoted friend who lived in the neighborhood called "the sign of the stork." I really don't recall when it was that Mother gave up her work as a nurse, I became engrossed in my work. But it was

no uncommon sight to see a young mother pushing her baby carriage with an ailing, fretful child she could do nothing with.

Her health began to fail, probably due to the excessive strain, shall we say, of her long years or work. She always felt pleasure in seeing these children grow and prosper, was always interested in young people. As a matter of fact, the day before Mother died, she had helped the boys in the fraternity house next door, the O'Sullivan home, hang curtains. They would run in and out of the house for advice of any kind, suggestions and so on. She was taken in as a member of the Mother's Club of their fraternity. That fraternity afterward became Theta Chi, so these were the forerunners of Theta Chi.

Mother was spared a long time of suffering and illness. In fact, she was always so active that it was difficult to imagine her bedfast, and depending on the care that she was always so willing and able to give others. She had suffered from angina for a few years. Her heart had been strained too long—too much had been demanded of it—and she slipped away from us one morning early, at the age of seventy-four.

I had never realized how many people I didn't know at all whose lives she had touched. I received so many notes and messages, and people even stopped me on the street after Mother's death and said, "I'm John so and so," or "I'm Mary so and so. We'll never forget Mrs. Riegelhuth and what she had done for us." A man prominent in the state said of her, "Mrs. Riegeihuth was not merely a marvelous nurse and a fine person; she was an institution."

CONCLUSION

I was satisfied when I replied to the invitation announcement that I was proposed as candidate for the honorary doctor's degree. I think it's because I thoroughly enjoyed my work and threw myself into it from the beginning. It was just what I wanted to do. I always kept up with my particular field in summer school, graduate work, then at the University of California. Then for a number of years at Columbia after I graduated there, I registered two summers for courses there. I did work, too, at Madison, Wisconsin. I liked Wisconsin very much; I liked the friendly, democratic atmosphere. I was happy in my work—I enjoyed the students, I enjoyed what we were doing—we were working together. I had endless patience. I'd gladly teach. My enthusiasm for teaching and for the subject was always kept alive in the summer sessions that I attended and I learned a great deal from the contacts. I never looked upon teaching as just a job. It was part of my life. Among the people I admired most were teachers. All of the finest characters I knew were among the faculty.

As a retired teacher, I don't teach, but I've never been at a loss for occupation. I must say, though, that I'm not intensely civic-minded. I was, however, one of the very early members of the Reno AAUW, and a delegate to the national AAUW convention when we applied for accreditation. I never did belong to any of the women's political organizations or anything of that sort. Evidently, I'm willing to let somebody else run it, as long as I'm happy in my particular political nook. I cultivate—not large fields, but small gardens.

ORIGINAL INDEX: FOR REFERENCE ONLY

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, they have been reformatted, a process that was completed in early 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

ξ
-

A

American Association of
University Women, 53
American Red Cross,
47-48
Anderson, Fred, Dr., 37
Arts and Science Faculty,
University of Nevada,
39-41

B

Babcock, Elizabeth, 30
Baker, George W., 9
Baker, Harry, 9, 18
Baker, Irene, 9, 18
Baker, Ray, 9, 18
Bardenwerper, Kate, 30
Bartlett, George, 8
Bartlett, Mason, 8
Beckwith, Carolyn, 38
Bell, Agnes, 28
Berkeley, California,
33
Bishop Whitaker school,
24
Blumenthal, Ed, 12
Boyle, Emmet D., 43
Bristol, Fred C., 30,
36
Bryant, Golinda, 16
Byington Building, Reno,
25-26

C

California, 1, 7, 33
California Flora, 8
California, University,
33, 52
Canada, 39
Carson City, Nevada, 7,
26, 31, 38
Cassidy, George W., 20
Cassidy, Mrs. George W.,
20
Children's Hospital,
San Francisco, 34

Church, James Edward, 36, 37
Civil War, U. S., 23
Clapp, Hannah K., 30, 31
Clark, Walter E., 41
Clemons, Elizabeth, 28
Clemons, Maude Bradley, 28
Cleveland, Grover, 20
Colorado, 31
Columbia University, 37, 38,
39, 52
Conner, Mrs. S. A., 30-31
Cornish, 14
Cowgill, T. W., 32-33
Cutting, Henry, 30, 36

D

Davenport, Phyllis, 26
Depot Hotel, Reno, 24
Dorsey, Lizzie, 10
Dunkle, Tom, 12

E

Elks lodge, Reno, 29
Episcopal Church, Reno, 25
Eureka, Nevada, 1-23, 24
Eureka High School, 10
Eureka Opera House, 10, 11,
17, 19
Eureka Sentinel, 15
Eureka Star Band, 11-13, 16

F

Fay, Alice Ober, 7, 10
Fay, John P., 7, 10
Federal Board students, 42
Fulstone twins, 7

G

Gamma Phi Beta sorority house,
28
Garfield, James, 19-20
Germans, 4
Germany, 1

G

Gold Hill, Nevada, 28
Gould, Ione, 25
Gregory, Vernal Bell, 28
Grubnau, Louise Loschenkuhl,
10

H

Hagar, T. E., Dr., 23
Hardy, Bonnie Thoma, 23
Harvard University, 7
Hendrick, Archer W.,
39-40
Herz, Otto, 21
Higginbotham, Alfred L.,
37
Hill, Mr., 7
Hill, Ella Riley, 7
Hill, H. W., 35, 38
Hill, Mary, 7
Hoskins, Gabe, 16
Howe, Hayward H., 38
Howe, Sybil, 38

I

Italians, 11

J

Jepsen, Melvin, 37

L

Las Vegas, Nevada, 10
Legislature, Nevada state,
11
Levi, Herman, 19
Lewers, Robert, 29
Linscott, Louise, 33
Linscott, Stella, 33-34
Lochman, Frank, 5

M

Madison, Wisconsin, 52
Manheim, Ada, 5
Manheim, Gussie, 4, 5
Marciochi, Sisto, 12, 13
Mack, Margaret, 35, 38

McAdoo, Eleanor Wilson, 43
McAdoo, William Gibbs, 43
McDonald, Alex, 10
McDowell, R. H., 31
McKay, Willie, 5
McKissick Opera House, 30
McNamee, Effie Webster, 10
Morrill Hall, 29, 31-32, 36
Munro, Mr., 6

N

Nevada Bank, 32
Nevada, University, 7, 8, 25,
28, 29-44, 46
New York, 19
New York City, 1
Ninnis, Al, 12
Norcross, Charles, H., 25
Norcross, Frank H., 25, 30,
36

O

Oddie, Tasker L., 9

P

Palmer, Minnie, 15
Pardy, Grace, 14
Phillips, Art, 12
Phillips, J. Warne, 31
Phillips, Percy, Dr., 27
Phillips, Will, 12
Phillips, Will, Dr., 27
Pickard, John Everett, Dr.,
26
Powell, Polly, 10
Princeton University, 31
Prison, Nevada state, 7

R

Radcliffe college, 33
Reno, Nevada, 5, 11, 12, 14,
16, 19, 20, 21-22, 23,
24-29, 42, 48, 49
Reno High School, 24
Rhodes, Jeanette Cameron, 39
Rhodes scholars, 37

R

Riegelhuth, Frank, 1-4,
10, 11, 12, 13, 14,
15-16, 17, 18, 19,
20, 21, 22, 25, 26,
45
Riegelhuth, Katharina
"Auntie," 1, 2, 4,
7, 12, 16, 17, 18,
19, 20, 21-22, 26-28,
29, 30, 32, 33, 38,
44, 45-51
Riverside Hotel, Reno,
40
Robertson, Emma, 15
Ross, Silas E., 35
Ruby Hill, Nevada, 14,
16
Ryland, Mrs. Richard,
15-16

S

Sacramento, California,
26
Sadler, Minnie, 9
Sadler, Reinhold, 9, 19
St. Clair, Arthur Leonidas,
37
Sampson, Mr., 14
San Francisco, California,
3, 6-7, 18, 24, 34,
40, 48-49
Senseney, Maude Wheeler,
33-34, 35
Sherman-Clay store, San
Francisco, 3
Sherrill, Charles H.,
42
Short, Frances, 31
Sissa Louise M., 39
Smith, Alfred Merritt,
32
Smith, Francis R., 28
Smith, Ida Sauer, 28
Smith, Lloyd P., Dr.,
28
Smith, Minnie Griffin
Foley, 19

Smith, O. J., 19
Sparks, Nevada, 10, 23
Stanford University, 31
Stanoway, Mabel, 25
Stewart Hall, 37-38
Stinson, Andy, 12
Stitser, Lucy Davenport, 26
Stowell, Minnie "Ditz," 9, 10
Stowell, W. H., 9
Stubbs, Joseph E., 35, 38, 41,
43

T

Theta Chi fraternity, 50
Thoma, Alice Willsey, 26
Thoma, George H., Dr., 21-23,
26
Thompson, Rueben Cyril, 35
Tonopah, Nevada, 24
Torre, John, 11-12

U

"Uncle Tom" show, 15

V

Virginia and Truckee railroad,
28-29
Virginia City, Nevada, 2, 26,
28-29

W

Ward, Grace, 25
Washington state, 10
Washoe County Bank, 24
Watson, John, 41
Wellesley college, 33
Wilson, Woodrow, 9
Wood, Frederick, 40
World War I, 41-42, 47-48

